

WHITE CAPS



1939

"WHITE CAPS"

YEAR BOOK
of
CLASS OF 1939

Vassar Brothers' Hospital
Poughkeepsie, New York



JUNE, 1939



DR. SCOTT LORD SMITH

WE, the class of '39 dedicate our year book to
Dr. Scott Lord Smith with sincere appreciation
and gratitude for all that he has done for us.

*"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men, . . .
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."*

White Cap Board

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Vice President Louise Hedges
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CLASS MOTTO

Here endeth, here beginneth.

CLASS COLORS

Gold and Brown

CLASS FLOWER

Talisman rose

CLASS ADVISOR

Rachel Cole

CLASS SONG

TUNE: "*When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore
a Big Red Rose*"

We first lived in Home I
A bunch of green probies,
Where we got our caps and bibs
Home II caressed us, the quietness blessed us,
While we tried to sleep all day.
The O.R., the D.K., the college or Babies
At these we all had our turn
We were presented with blue bands, the
splendor of Tower
And now graduation day.

CLASS SONG—1939

TUNE "*Mexicali Rose*"

Tis with deep regret we're leaving
Well known scenes
Little knowing what's in store
Just for us.
But with eagerness to work and strive
That's our class
Hoping all the dreams we're dreaming
Will come true.

Chorus

1939 we're leaving
Keep your eyes so bright that naught will bear
Then in future hours that they will mention
She's a member of that well known class.
1939 keep smiling, banish all those tears
Don't let them cry
1939 keep smiling
1939 good bye.

GENERAL DUTY NURSES



Front Row—

Miss CLAIRE
Mrs. VAN DYNE
Miss HANSEN

Back Row—

Miss KERLEY
Miss GRIFFITHS
Miss KRIEGER

DIETITIANS

MISS THOMPSON
MISS REUMAN



SUPERVISORS



Back row: MISS TYLER, MISS TSCHUDIN, MISS PAE, MISS SMITH, MISS MARCHESSAULT;
Front row: MISS KNAPP, MISS DAVIDSON, MISS SEASE, MISS BRINK, MISS FERGUSON.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE
Ass't Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG
Practical Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital

SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



ALFREDA CZECH

"CZECHER"

Fairview, N. Y.

*"Czecher is modest, dainty, and neat;
Czecher is naive, petite, and sweet."*

Favorite saying:

"Isn't that awful?"



LOUISE MANCHESTER ENSIGN

"LOU"

Dover Plains, N. Y.

"Nothing great was ever accomplished without ambition."

Favorite saying:

"Anybody want any coffee?"



HELEN FRASER

"FRASER"

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

"Ready, Willing and Able"

Favorite saying:

"Ain't it won'erful?"

LOUISE NELLIE HEDGES

"HEDGIE"

Pine Plains, N. Y.

"She greets each day with a happy smile."

Favorite saying:

"Honestly?"



EDYTHER MARGARET HUMPHREY

"CHIPPY"

Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

"Fresh little thoughts and tones that tinkle

As danced the dimples that round them wrinkle."

Favorite saying:

"I gotta go to bed. I'm tired."

MIRIAM REESE HUSSING

"RE"

Fishkill, N. Y.

"Easy going but well accomplished."

Favorite saying:

"I overslept."



REGINA JEANNETTE HUTCHENS

"HUTCHIE"

Greenwich, N. Y.

"Armed at all points."

Favorite saying:

"Aw, shut up!"



FLORENCE BERTHA LIEBIG

"FLO"

Kingston, N. Y.

"Knowledge aims towards success."

Favorite saying:

"Well, I think—"



DORIS ELIZABETH MARSHALL

"RUSTY"

Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

"Attractive and popular but a redhead."

Favorite saying:

"Tell him I'm not home."

AGNES ELIZABETH PIERSON

North Clove, N. Y.

"Love, life and laughter."

Favorite saying:

"Gee, can he swing it?"



CATHERINE REGINA McLAUGHLIN

"MAC"

Glen Head, Long Island, N. Y.

"I'm sure care is an enemy to life."

Favorite saying:

"Is George here?"



DORIS MAY PRICE

West Englewood, N. J.

"Quiet, aloof and sophisticated."

Favorite saying:

"Bill has to work tonight."





DOROTHY MABEL REYNOLDS

"DOTTIE"

Pawling, N. Y.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Favorite saying:

"Didn't I tell you?"



HILDUR SALOMON

"SOLLY"

Monticello, N. Y.

*"Of all the girls that are so jolly
There's none like pretty Solly."*

Favorite saying:

"Have fun?"



JANET ELIZABETH STAHL

"JAN"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Dignified, almost, until you know her."

Favorite saying:

"Did I get a 'phone call tonite?"

ALICE ADELLE ST. JOHN

"SAINT"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"A good hearted questioner."

Favorite saying:

"Did you have a good time? What did you do?"



KATHRYN ELIZABETH TRIPP

"TRIPPY"

Pine Plains, N. Y.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Favorite saying:

"Well, gee—"



ELSIE IDA TSCHUDIN

"TSCHUDIN"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Quiet only when there's nothing to say."

Favorite saying:

"Golly, you know what happened?"





LOIS ETHEL VAN STEENBURGH

"STEENIE"

Maybrook, N. Y.

"Whistle while you work."

Favorite saying:

"Sh—"



FLORENCE ZAIMAN

"FLO"

Crompond, N. Y.

"Her dignity causes her to be reserved."

Favorite saying:

*"Will someone else please answer
the 'phone?"*

Former Members:

JANET BELL

GERALDINE HARRIS

PRISCILLA FULLAM

Memoirs:

The nine of us who entered training on Feb. 4, 1936, were ushered in by a roaring blizzard, while those of us who came on Sept. 8, were greeted with sunny skies. Whatever qualms we felt were soon dispelled by Miss Lindberg's cordiality as she deposited us in our rooms and introduced us to the girls with whom we would spend our next three years.

What glorious times we had there in Home 1, where we studied about "convalescing tubules" and found our baskets of flowers hanging from the ceiling. And woe was unto us who lived in the basement and were too lazy to walk up to the kitchen when we were hungry! How we envied those who lived on the third floor.

How thrilled we were when we became the proud possessors of caps and bibs—will anyone forget how we quavered in our boots on our way to the Training School Office? Christmas time found some of us taking the next step forward—our first night duty with its hair-raising thrills. Remember the footsteps on the back stairs between Wards 3 and 4, and the night we made ice cream in Ward 2's refrigerator?

By this time most of us were living in Home 2, where we had moved via laundry bags and suit-cases. Hilarity and sometimes heated discussions reigned at night over toast and coffee, and many a chastisement fell on our heads over dirty dishes left in the sink. We wonder if Miss Knapp remembers the time she mentioned the subject to us.

One by one we started our special training in the O.R., A.R. and D.K.—we'd really like to know if Miss Reuman reads all of those essays on burned "whatsis." Then came vacations and in the fall of 1937, we organized as the Class of '39. Shortly after this, our first group trekked off to Babies, or trotted back and forth to Nursery School.

Cornstalks and strange creatures ushered Hallowe'en into Home 2. Our party was a grand success—even the cornstalks had a good time. Our second Christmas arrived with its carol-singing and presents, and then once more we melted into the blackness of the night, which did not seem quite so foreboding as our first night-duty. This time we learned,—at least we attempted to learn, the art of a quiet nursery at 7:00 A. M.

Once more we were summoned one by one to the Training School Office, and now blue bands adorned our caps, and we left Home 2 for the luxury of Tower Home with its soft beds, matched furnishings, and mirrors where you can really see to make up. We still insist there should be a cable system between the two places—it would simplify the matter of moving immensely.

After we were settled and had started our third year of coffee, toast and onion sandwiches at bed time, we held a game party in Home 1—a success both socially and financially. Again vacation time came—how we enjoyed loafing, and swimming and picnics—remember the one we had at Marshall's?

By September we were all back from our vacations and when the new Class entered we endeavored to extend the unsuspecting babes a welcome they would never forget, although they'd probably like to. Anyway they all survived and the Senior Class sported cleaner shoes the next day than had been seen in many a week. Even initiation has to have at least one good point.

October saw our first dance—a sport dance on which we actually made some money. We chose our Class rings—how many times did we hear—"Girls, you're not to wear those rings with your uniforms!"

How different night duty seemed with two four week shifts instead of one long eight week stretch. Then, too, we stopped saying "I wish I were senior floater—she just sleeps all night."

We sold countless boxes of candy on Monday nights, started wondering where we'll all be a year from now, and one night when we had nothing better to do, washed Snow White in the shower on the third floor of Tower Home. When we finished, the poor dog was so clean his own mother wouldn't have recognized him.

Then came the time to plan our Senior exercises, and soon graduation, the Senior dance and the banquet will be relegated to the past while we with hearts beating high with hope for the future, and yet a trace of sadness intermixed with our joy, bid all this adieu. May there always be a younger class to carry on where we leave off.

And last—but by 'no means least—our compliments to the solarium—we'd never get along without it.

IN MEMORIAM

to

Michael J. Bergen

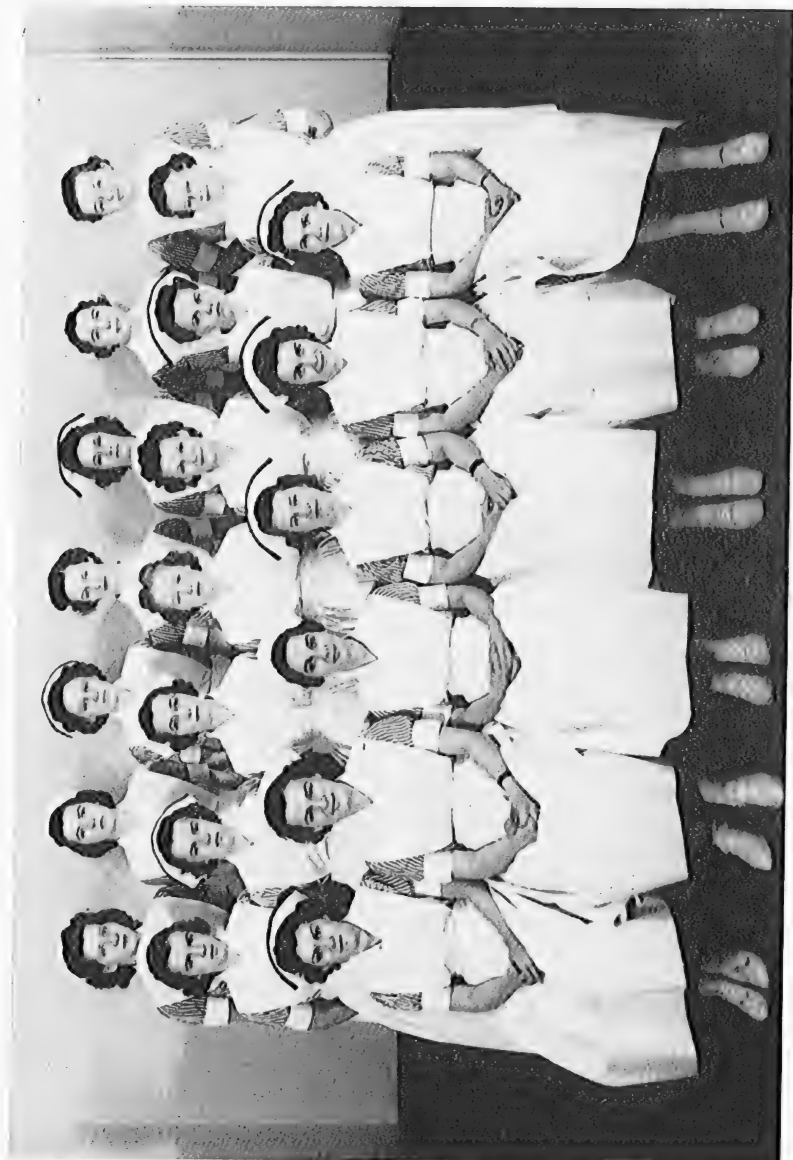
Operating room Orderly at Vassar Brothers' Hospital

From March 1906 to March 1939.

HOSPITAL STAFF AND INTERNES



Back row: DR. C. CRISPPELL, DR. H. CRISPPELL, DR. EVERETT, DR. STOLLER, DR. THATCHER, DR. GOSSE,
 Middle row: DR. BRISLIN, DR. JONES, DR. MEAD, DR. GARLICK, DR. MALYEN, DR. ROSENBERG, FRITZ
 row: DR. SOBEL, DR. HARRINGTON, DR. BREED, DR. SMITH, DR. PECKHAM, DR. MARKS, DR. MOFFIT.



dear white caps,

one of the girls has left a sheet of paper in her typewriter and i simply cant resist the temptation to hop around on the keys and contribute my bit to the yearbook. I wish that i could manage the shift key. my name is peddie—peddie pediculous. all my friends were killed in the lindberg-casson massacre so ive been staying with the girls in the class of 40 to keep from getting just too lonesome. there are 24 of them—9 who entered in february and 15 in the september section. i really feel like a member myself after almost two years.

the first section celebrated its second anniversary on feb. 8th by a theater party. of course i went along. we saw—four girls in white. two days later i watched nine serious faces emerge from miss mccrimmons office and then regain their sparkle as they sewed on their new blue bands.

its too bad that there wasn't room for all of you on the halloween hay ride that the class held this fall. there was plenty of hay, moonlight, singing and food.

they say its not good to ride the waves but i had my share of ups and downs when we went sliding on quote tins unquote in back of home ii and skating on spring lake. heres where i should like to insert three cheers for dr jones first attempts at winter sports.

i had two narrow escapes this year. catlin most unexpectedly cut her long hair and then before i could recover from that i slipped again. i was sleeping snugly in darrows brain and suddenly i was in the waste basket. oh well, the life of a pediculus may be dangerous but id hate to be the goldfish that one of the girls fished out of the drainpipe with an eyebrow tweezer.

we have pleasant thoughts of the 10 oclock coffee. the fudge that took much longer to make than to eat. the tango lessons. the o.r. quartettes, the pancake supper—and the sinking feelings—where are all your case studies, vinegar was discovered in the d.k. vanilla bottle. first glance at final exam questions.

its no news for nurses to clean white shoes, but to solicit them—that makes headlines. the shoe cleaning service really worked out quite well. we have miss brink to thank for that idea.

the girls are well on their way in the specialized training now and are beginning to feel more and more the vastness of the world of nursing. i think id like to be a nurse. those little thrills over signs of improvement seem to make up for a lot of hard work and disappointment.

ive told my little nit that she too will do well to stay with the class of 40 when she grows up. its a great group of girls but ive warned her to behave herself or there will be another delphine and ether war.

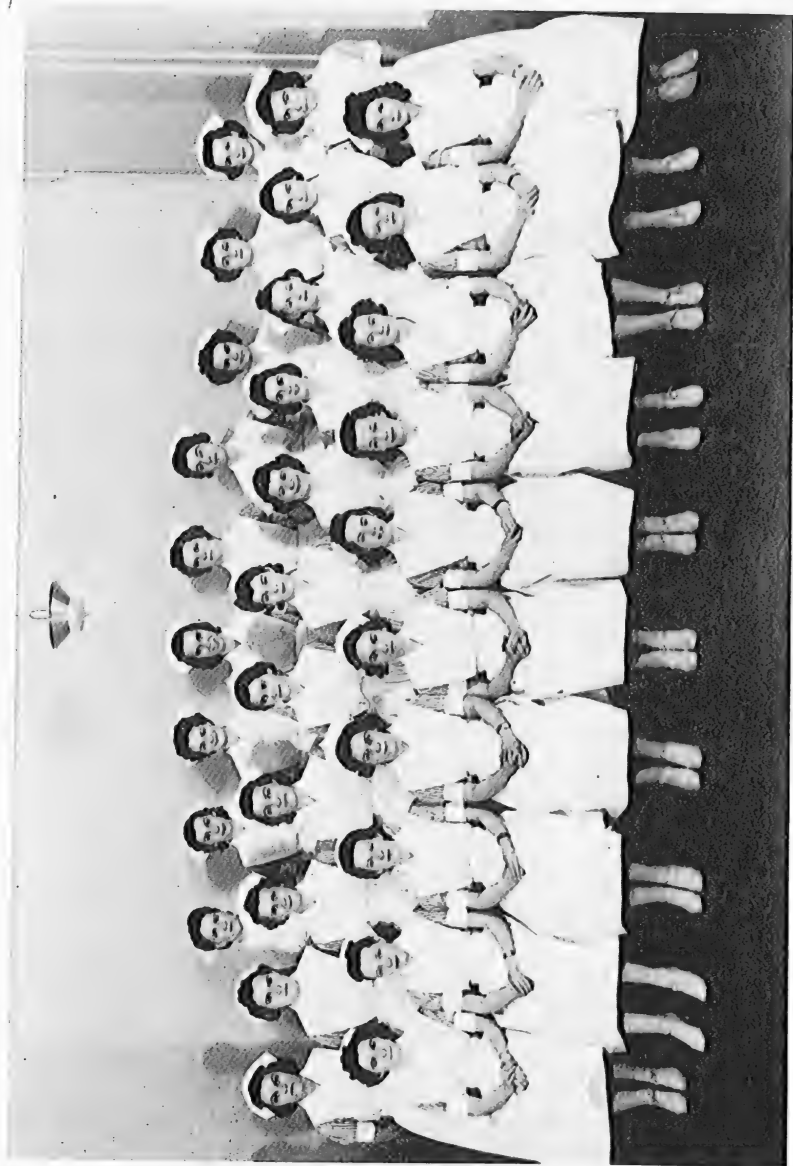
well i must stop now. believe it or not, this typing is hard work. but i figure that if those tiny bacteria that you girls talk about can be so powerful then i had better keep in training.

bye—happy nursing

peddie

p. s. in case any of the doctors or supervisors have bothered to read this i want to pass on to them the girls most sincere appreciation for their kindness and guidance. you see i am in a position to get very close to their innermost thoughts.

apologies to don marquis, the entomologists, and all grammarians.



Report of Class 1941

Date 1939, Wd. V.B.H. Census 31, Admissions 33, Discharges 2

Probationers
98°-200-32

Students admitted at 3:30 p. m. Diagnosis—desire to become nurses. Prognosis—fair. Most of them admitted in various states of shock c post-vacation complications. Temperatures normal, pulses and respirations rapid. Quite a comfortable day. Slept little at night. Visited by internes and senior nurses. Nerve-racking experience. Pts. complaining of nightmares of boiler room and morgue. No sedatives given. Seen by Dr. Lindberg. Orders—Classes 8:45 a. m. O.D.

Meals in back of dining room T.I.D.

Retire 10:15 p. m. O.N.

Respect for superiors, stat. and const.

Clean shoes ad. lib.

I overnight and IV late leaves q. 30d.

Visit to T.S.O. p.r.n.

Christmas-time

Students spent a comfortable day. Christmas party

T-P-R

at night. Full attendance. Some discomfort suffered as a reaction from overindulgence in refreshments. Medications of entertainment given out.

Normal

Advancement

99-120-22

Transferred from preliminary students to juniors. Transfer accompanied by rise in temperature due to excitement. Cap, bib and added dignity ordered const. Allowed to stand on own feet. Seven patients transferred to intermediate service. Change marked by progress and more responsibility.

Night Duty

97-100-24

Students slept all day. Nights filled with horrors of O₂ tents, H-H inhalators, CO and ptomaine poisonings. Queer appetites resultant—milk and molasses enema given p.o., and lemon sauce eaten for chicken soup. Sleep-walking a common occurrence. Cries in the night —“Help, please”—“Hold on, my good man, I’m coming.”

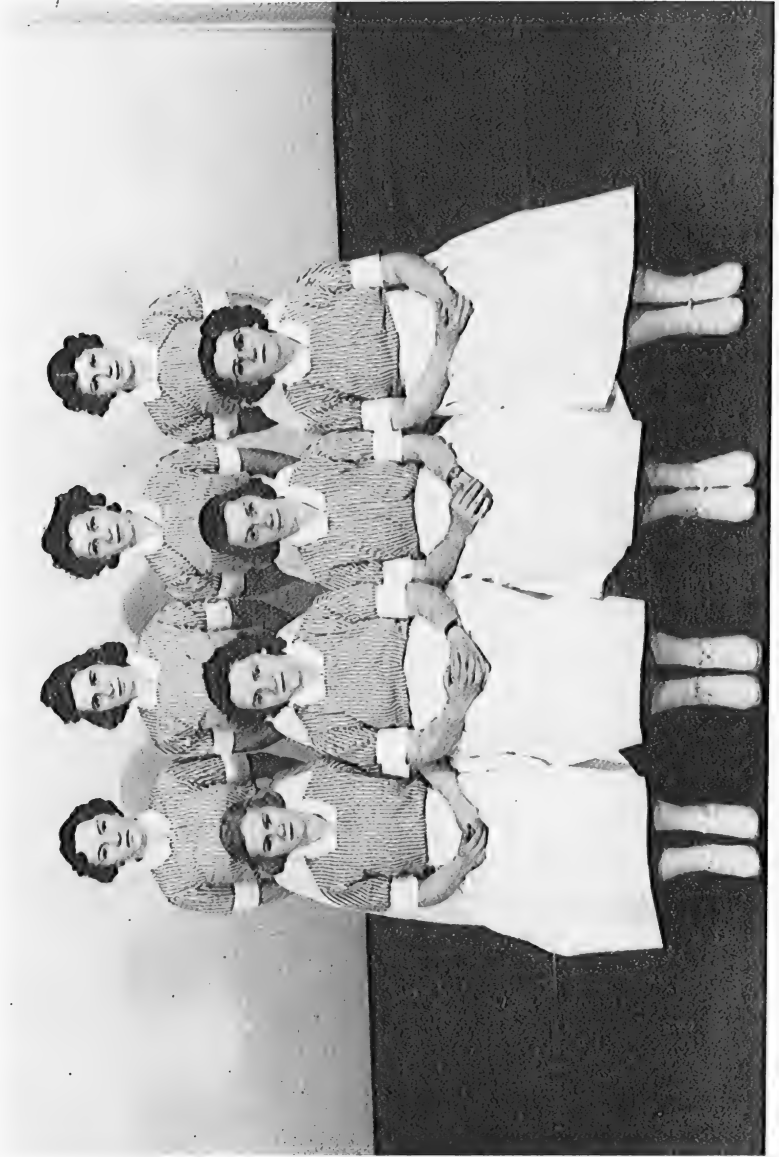
Organization

T-P-R

Normal

Progress noted. Class organized. Meetings ordered p.r.n. Dr. J. Davidson in attendance assisted by an up and about patient, Babs Beam. Leave of absence granted each year with request to return at the end of three weeks. Awaiting final discharge in 1941.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1941.



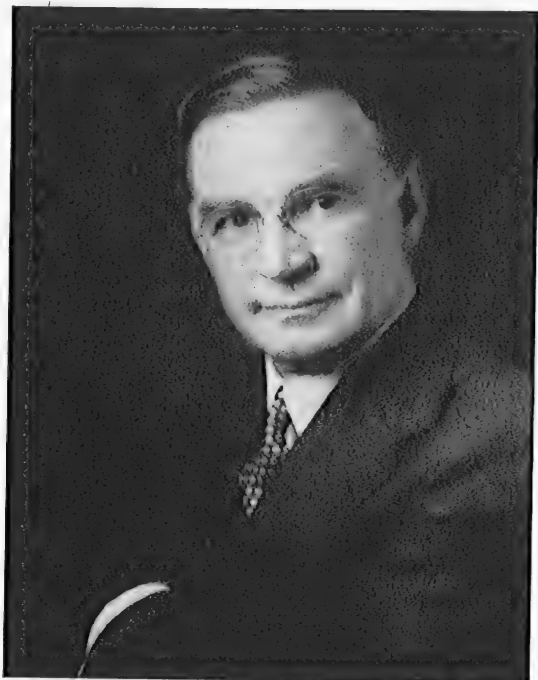
We the probies:

We are the probies eight,
Each trying to be a good skate,
Rubbing and scrubbing and setting up trays
Walking around as if in a daze.

Studying and studying from morn 'til night,
Racking our brains until we're a sight—
Lifting and tugging the patients around
Trying to move them without a sound.

These are the days we'll never forget
And we know none of us will regret.
So this is our message to everyone
We will enjoy nursing and find it much fun.

VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL



J. J. WEBER

Our hospital was built from a fund established by the will of the late Matthew Vassar, who died August 10, 1881. His brother, John Guy Vassar, participated in building and endowing the institution. Therefore the hospital was called Vassar Brothers' Hospital.

On April 11, 1887 the hospital was opened for inspection with Dr. Guy C. Bayley as superintendent. The building was described as first class in every respect. There was a superintendent's office, dispensary, dining rooms, four wards with ten beds each, and in the southwest corner were three private rooms with a magnificent view of the river. There was a barn containing stalls for four horses, a carriage house, harness room, ambulance shed and also four stalls for the horses of the visiting staff. This building is now the hospital

laundry. Our first ambulance purchased in 1892, cost \$580 including brakes and lamps but no gong. There were two other brick buildings on the hospital grounds, one the home of Dr. Bayley and the other a library. A wing which doubled the number of beds, and a connecting section to unite the wing with the old building was opened in 1924.

Mr. Joseph J. Weber has been administrator of the hospital since June 1, 1929. During that time Tower House for nurses has been added to the hospital unit and many changes have been made in the general arrangement of specialized departments.

A Training School was established in 1887—the same year that the hospital was finished. In 1890 certificates were granted to two nurses who had satisfactorily completed the prescribed course. Since then we have had a graduating class yearly. Miss Rachel F. McCrimmon has been Director of Nursing since 1920, with the exception of two years—1923 to 1925. She has done much to elevate the standards of nursing in Poughkeepsie.

In Remembrance

of one who gave his time and skill so graciously.

Dr. James E. Neighbors

Associated with Vassar Brothers' Hospital
1920-1938.

It may well be said of him:

"He gave the people of his best."

Class Prophecy:

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
June 6, 1949.

Dear Agnes:

It seems just ages and ages since I've seen you but I've heard what a success you've made of yourself. You and Solly—who used to entertain at the "Dells"—just think—now you're the main feature at the popular "Break of Dawn" night club in Hollywood.

I've kept in touch with the girls pretty much. Do you remember Fraser? Well, she's gone and done it. She's actually playing the lead opposite Robert Taylor in "Love Conquers All." I knew she'd get her man.

And little "Lou" Ensign with her dream—not a supervisor of Pediatric Ward, but, in reality, with a permanent job of minding her own little flock.

Good ole "Chippy" Humphrey—remember her lovely voice? Well, she belongs to Broadway now. Her most recent song is "My Man From Pine Plains."

I saw Miriam Hussing at the dentists' the other day. She's taken up housekeeping with her "Art" to carry her through.

Do you remember how "Hutchy" became so devoted to the kiddies on Ward 5? Now she is up 'in Greenwich running her famous "Rowe's Nursery School." Her ever ready wit makes her a hit with the children.

Doris Price—we used to call her "Priceless" is a model at Saks, Fifth Avenue, and doing nicely.

I was surprised to hear from Elsie Tschudin the other day. She's a war nurse for the U. S. Army in Fallopi, Africa. She writes "This is a great war—we treat a thousand men daily."

"Jan" Stahl has settled down to her job as supervisor of Corridor 4. Each morning she enters the patients' rooms saying, "Good morning, dear. You're baby gained an ounce today."

Remember "Hedgie"? She operates an all-women's taxi line from here to points north for stranded nurses.

"Katty" Tripp is looking grand these days. Did you know that she is an owner of many thoroughbred horses and that she placed her race horse "Vassar Girl" in the races at Saratoga? Trusty "Vassar Girl" won by a nose.

"Flo" Zaiman has developed into a beautiful dramatic actress, her next feature being "Lloyd of London." She always was dramatically inclined though, wasn't she?

I see Rusty Marshall a lot. As editor of the "Heartache Column" of the Poughkeepsie Evening Star, she has helped many of her friends with their love problems but has come to the conclusion that now she needs help with hers—that ever present problem.

Of course, you knew that Mac and George have been married ten years. They're vacationing at the Riviera for the season with Dottie and Bill Partridge as their guests. Dottie is photographer for "Vogue."

This is a surprise: Dr. Florence Bertha Liebig, the renowned physician, formerly of Poughkeepsie but now of Vienna, has discovered the organism for Carcicritis, the deadly disease of the Samoans.

I can't forget Alice St. John who has obtained a position as head nurse on the "U. S. S. Sinkum or Savem" and, am glad to say that she has nursed all of her "middies" back to good health.

Guess I've told you about all but Steenie. You know, she's still Instructor of Nursing Arts at the hospital. I wonder if she manages to keep the students awake.

Well, I'll have to hurry. I've got to go on duty now. I'm on from 11 to 7. When I'm through working I have to go home and do all the housework. Honestly Agnes, you don't know how tired I get—but such is life.

Good-bye for a while. I wonder where we will be in ten more years.

Love,

CZECHER.

TO MY NURSE

I wonder—

Are there white, bare rooms up there
And will God give you pain racked souls
To soothe and heal and mend?
Or will He see the tiredness in your eyes
And say "You've had enough,
"I'll teach you how to knit instead."

—Isabelle Jean Byrne.

AUTOGRAPHS



Lest We Forget



Winter in back of tower



Xmas in Ward IV



Silly Girls



Ward V



Old V-B-H Ambulance



When we were "Probies"

Remember when:-

M. Tschudin found Hedgie cleaning the icebox in the pharmacy with sterile water?

Dr. Everett cauterized Hutchie's nose with silver nitrate?

Trippy thought a bed crank would serve the purpose of a percussion hammer?

Zaiman couldn't find the elastic tissue for Dr. Stibbs?

Czecher thought Frank was Dr. Moffit and pinched Dr. Andrew's cheek?

Rusty autoclaved the gauntlet leather gloves in the O. R.?

A dirty white dog was given a bath in Tower Home and a stray cat was given a square meal?

Dr. Jones did a Friedman test on a male rabbit?

Mac thought caput was a special nurse?

Hedgie and Iggy forgot to sign up for overnight leave?

Liebig played taps on Home II's fire escape?

Dr. Meunier almost had a prep in the labor room on Ward VI?

A senior nurse told a new interne she had never assisted with an infusion?

Probies had casts applied in the morgue?

Chippy walked into the O. R. shower room and found Dr. Hedgecock in his shorts?

Pricie boiled pneumonia serum?

Dr. Brislin was mistaken for a nurse on Ward IV?

There was an epidemic of pediculi in Home II?

Solly sent a requisition to the laboratory for a Blood Chemistry?

Hussing discovered olives had pits?

Reynolds couldn't find the O. R.?

Saint didn't know what was going on?

We, as probies, were too much of a load for the elevator in the old building?

Fraser charted pelvic exams on male patients?

The Hawaiian Islands appeared on a night report written by Lou Ensign?

Zaiman and Solly isolated their young patients on Ward II?

A certain supervisor sent a baby girl down to be circumcised?

Rusty and Solly couldn't tell the difference between vanilla and a vegetable coloring matter in the night?

Pricie had a G. I. upset due to too many cold drinks?

Dr. Brislin slept in Room 10 but refused to have his temperature taken?

The Story of a V. B. H. Patient

On one great day in Vassar Brothers' Hospital's history, a patient named Ura Tumor was admitted for observation. Many diagnostic tests were ordered. The technicians came to PECK-HAM AN-DREW a great deal of blood.

The doctors held a consultation and decided to operate immediately. In a flash, Ura was correctly prepared. However, she asked that no MESSINGER be sent to notify her husband because he VORHEES too much.

At 6 P. M. she was wheeled into the operating room where all the doctors and nurses in sterile WHITE gowns and masks stood waiting to receive her. The anesthetic was begun, and, as soon as Ura was under enough, the chief STIBBED her with the scalpel and made some MARKS. After exploring her abdomen, the trouble was found to be a large gall-STONE. Promptly a cholecystomy was done.

After four hours of operating, the last suture was finally put in, and Ura was taken back to the ward. However, her condition was poor because she was SO-BEL-ligerent when reacting from the anaesthetic, and because the room was so MAL-VENTilated.

An infusion was ordered stat. The interne assisting was told by the chief surgeon to MEAD him at the ward and bring his needles. After the interne had held a searching party and upset the whole hospital, he returned to the head doctor without the needles, saying, "Somebody STOLL-ER needles."

The doctor in a frenzy, and sounding like a roaring lion, replied, "Young man, don't say things like that TOO-MEY. It BREEDs contempt and it sounds like a LEI-SER."

As usual, a nurse came to the poor, frightened and disheartened interne's rescue. It was none other than Vera Cosities, Ura's special nurse. "HARR-IS your needles; they're kept under LOCKE and key. I'll sterilize them for you again. It 'S-COTT to be done since we don't want any BA-CI-LE or streptococci around," and she swished off in her crisp white uniform with a backward smile for the two doctors—one of whom stood there with admiration in his eyes, but the interne was a picture of relief.

After the infusion was finished, the doctor stated that he was leaving and asked the interne to insert the Levine tube for the Wagenstein drainage.

"MEY-ER you going now?" the interne asked.

"Yes. GOSSE, I'm tired and MO-FFIT for bed. Good-bye," and he walked out, stepped into a newly SIMON-ized car, and drove off to HARRING-TON.

The patient recovered very speedily under Vera Cositie's expert nursing care. Soon the NEIGHBORS were able to come to see her.

They brought her home made spaghetti without GARLICK and, CRISP-ELL-egant salads. Quite often a STEIN of beer accompanied these gifts. Sometimes, her family discussed the PRICE of the operation and how much DEY-O-ed the doctor.

Ura felt well when she went home after three weeks and thanked everyone for all that had been done to make her stay pleasant. Ura was last seen on DE GARMO Place in TOWN-SEND-ing her little boy to SMITH Brothers.

CHEMISTRY OF FAIRER SEX

Physical properties: all colors, sizes and shapes. Generally appears in disguised condition of film of grease and pigments. Boils at nothing and may freeze any moment. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter.

Chemical properties: exceedingly volatile. Highly inflammable and dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds. Turns green when placed next to a better appearing specimen.

Before I heard the Doctor tell
The meaning of a kiss
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.

But now I know Biology
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria —
And I thought we were alone.

HELPFUL HINTS

If a rash presents itself, note—

Where did it start and how did it spread?
On the chest, the back, the limbs or the head?
Is it in circles or blotches or spots?
Are there a few patches or are there lots?
When gentle pressure with fingers is made
Perhaps the color is noticed to fade?
Is it moist or scaly or smooth or dry?
A question to which you must get a reply.
Is there burning or itching, irritation or pain?
If the patient's not told you just ask him again.
Are there ves-ic-cles, pap-ules, pustules or bullae?



Our President
1939 at work



V.B.H.
AT WORLD FAIR

Famous Composers and their Works

"WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TOGETHER"	
"THE WOODEN SOLDIER AND THE CHINA DOLL"	<i>The Graduating Class</i>
"SIMPLE AND SWEET"	<i>Dr. Stibbs and M. Tschudin</i>
"LOHENGRIN'S WEDDING MARCH"	<i>Czecher</i>
"GEEPERS, CREEPERS, WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE PEEPERS?"	<i>Mac and George</i>
"A HOLE IN THE WALL"	<i>T. S. O.</i>
"FERDINAND, THE BULL"	<i>Home II's Kitchen</i>
"I CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU VERY WELL"	<i>Frank, the Orderly</i>
"DISAPPOINTED AND DISGUSTED"	<i>Steenie</i>
"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON"	<i>Rusty</i>
"WHY MUST I DREAM"	<i>Classes</i>
"MELODY FARM"	<i>Fraser</i>
"SMALL FRY"	<i>The Delivery Room</i>
"CHANGE PARTNERS"	<i>Dr. Jones</i>
"HAPPY AS A LARK"	<i>Hedgie and Iggy</i>
"DAY DREAMING"	<i>Chippy</i>
"AT LONG LAST LOVE"	<i>Re</i>
"SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME"	<i>Hutchie</i>
"I'M IN A FOG ABOUT YOU"	<i>Saint</i>
"SO HELP ME"	<i>Flo Zaiman</i>
"IT'S THE DOCTOR'S ORDER"	<i>State Boards</i>
"THE DIPSY DOODLE"	<i>Rounds</i>
"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"	<i>E. Kerner</i>
"LOST IN A FOG"	<i>The Cupboard</i>
"WHY PRETEND"	<i>Waelde</i>
"JUST A KID NAMED ED"	<i>Darrow</i>
"FOOLING MYSELF"	<i>Dr. Colby</i>
"I CRIED FOR YOU"	<i>H. Woods</i>
"WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS?"	<i>Dot Reynolds</i>
"I'M GONNA FIX YOUR WAGON"	<i>The Probies</i>
"THAT FEELING IS GONE"	<i>Jimmy Hughes</i>
"THE BOOGIE-WOOGIE"	<i>Iggy</i>
"WHO BLEW OUT THE FLAME"	<i>John, the painter</i>
"THE LOST CHORD"	<i>Moline Plow Co.</i>
"SUMMER SOUVENIRS"	<i>Janet Stahl</i>
"HEAVEN CAN WAIT"	<i>Old Tennis Balls</i>
"COFFEE AND KISSES"	<i>Solly</i>
"WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"	<i>Lou Ensign</i>
	<i>Graduation</i>

WHAT EVERY INTERNE SHOULD KNOW

- A hospital is a place where you room and board and play tennis.
The office is where the unfinished charts pile up.
The superintendent is a person who signs your checks and edits pink slips.
The switchboard is the place from which they call you for breakfast—or from breakfast.
The O.R. has a side room where they serve free orangeade and fruit juice.
The X-ray is the department to which you send patients for a diagnosis.
The physiotherapy is a place where you receive second degree light burns.
The T.S.O. is where all bad little nurses go.
The kitchen is the source of all that noise.
The emergency room is where people come with corns, pimples, toothaches, and babies.
The clinic is where you send them.
A supervisor is a person who makes rounds, watches the nurses' work, and has P.M.'s.
An attending is a doctor who reads the interne's charts and then does his own history and physical.
-

FOR INTERNES AND NURSES

To determine your I.Q. see how many you can answer. Rate yourself as follows:

- 2 correct—a probationer.
- 5 correct—a first year.
- 7 correct—a second year.
- 9 correct—a third year.
- 10 correct—an interne.
- 1—Name in order Dr. Brislin's loves.
- 2—What interne loves to quote poetry?
- 3—Who brought the stiff in on the ambulance?
- 4—Whom did Dr. Everett tell good-bye?
- 5—Who treats the patients in the accident room without benefit of lights?
- 6—Give the name of the interne who did the unthinkable at Tower?
- 7—Who is "The Terror?"
- 8—Why does Dr. Meunier henna his mustache?
- 9—Who doesn't know the facts of life about a rabbit?
- 10—Make your own question.

—Dr. H. W. Jones.

HOSPITAL ALPHABET

- A** is for Air—An odorless gas used for driving windmills, filling auto tires and breathing.
- B** is for Broth—A nurse-shing liquid guaranteed to make you hungrier than before.
- C** is for Castor Oil—The oil "De Luxe."
- D** is for Doctor—The life saver of all ages.
- E** is for Ether—Ether you live or you don't.
- F** is for Fracture—A bad "break."
- G** is for Gall—Found mostly in magazine salesmen.
- H** is for Hospital—A parking station for repairs.
- I** is for Iodine—A burning liquid for tanning one's hide.
- J** is for Jokes—What you said under an anesthetic.
- K** is for Kitchen—Where one's goose is cooked.
- L** is for Laryngitis—Static in the amplifier.
- M** is for Medicine—An unknown quantity of doubtful quality.
- N** is for Nurse—The one that wakes you up to give you medicine to make you sleep.
- O** is for Operation—Cutting into one's financial affairs.
- P** is for Patient—Mr. or Mrs. So and So in room so and so.
- Q** is for Quack—What the doctor had better not be.
- R** is for Rest—In peace.
- S** is for Surgeon—A regular cut-up.
- T** is for Temperatures—Weather conditions inside.
- U** is for Undertaker—Meets you at the door as you pass out.
- V** is for Veins—What the blue blood rides in.
- W** is for Water—Used for putting out fires.
- X** is for X-ray—Finds out one's most inner secrets.
- Y** is for Yellow-fever—Mosquitoes gift to man.
- Z** is for Zwiebeck—Bread you didn't eat last Tuesday.

MODERN "ISMS" DEFINED

SOCIALISM—

You have two cows. You give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM—

You have two cows, and give both to the government and the government gives you the milk.

FASCISM—

You keep both cows and give the milk to the government and the government sells part of it back to you.

NAZISM—

The government shoots you and takes both cows.

NEW DEALISM—

The government shoots one cow, milks the other and pours the milk down the sewer.

—*Montreal Herald.*



The Cupboard



Our Mailman



OF V. B. H. FAME

March of Time—*Training*.
The Riviera—*The Roof*.
Pandora—*Kerner*.
The King—*Dr. Kable*.
The Queen—*Miss Sease*.
Napoleon—*Dr. Simon*.
Hitler—*Dr. Gosse*.
Romeo—*Dr. Brislin*.
Portia—*Miss Cole*.
Chief Justice—*Miss McCrimmon*.
King Cole—*Dr. Breed*.
Humpty-Dumpty—*Dr. Rosenberg*.
The Country Doctor—*Dr. Townsend*.
The Tempest—*Miss Marchessault*.
Old Mother Hubbard—*Miss Tobin*.
Adonis—*Dr. Rogers*.
Waterloo—*Internes' quarters*.
Mrs. Walter Winchell—*Saint*.
Walter Winchell—*Nile*.
Paul Revere—*Gene*.
The Minute Man—*Bill, the night watchman*.
The Arkansas Traveller—*Dr. Jones*.
What Price Glory—*Iggy and Hedgie*.
Concentration Camp—*T. S. O.*
Young Lochinvar—*Dr. Meunier*.¹
Innocents Abroad—*Czecher*.
Professor Quiz—*Miss Sweet*.
Little Sir Echo—*Dr. Colby*.
The Forgotten Man—*Dr. Everett*.
Prison without bars—*Solarium*.
The Barber Surgeons—*Charley and Mort*.

This, my son, is a chimpanzee,
Seated upon the ancestral tree
From which we sprang.
I'm glad we sprang, for if we'd sat
Jimmy, my boy, you'd look like that!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of 1939, being of sound mind and body; intelligent and efficient, bequeath and bequest the following—declaring this to be our last will and testament.

To Miss Smith—a carload of turkey legs.

To Dr. Meunier and Miss Cameron—a copy of the song, "It's Three O'Clock in the Morning."

To Dr. Jones—we leave our alarm clocks.

To Betty Shepard—Pricie leaves her long legs.

To Virginia Brock—the youngest problem child—Iggy Pierson leaves her ability to get into hot water.

To anyone who wants them—Elsie Tschudin leaves her vocal cords.

To Marian Cornwell—Flo Zaiman leaves her definite manner.

To Stella—we leave a Ouija board to answer all her questions.

To M. Tschudin—we leave a sneeze-tone.

To Mr. Bacon—more available beds.

To all younger students—we leave our ability to check personal property on admission.

To Miss Ferguson—a two seater.

To Edith Sickler—Mac leaves her neat coiffure.

To Adelaide Carroll—Lou Ensign leaves her professional appearance.

To Rowena Waelde—Flo Liebig leaves her dictatorial manner.

To Helen Wood—Fraser leaves her ability to get along with everybody.

To Betty Nagle—Hutch leaves her "unintended" sarcasm.

To Ruth Borchard—Re Hussing leaves her ruffled appearance.

To Lillian Thomson—Katty Tripp leaves her professional dignity.

To Virginia Ackert—Dot Reynolds leaves her sparkling wit and humor.

To Marjorie Clapp—we leave a banana peel to bring her down to earth.

To Jane Secor—Hedgie leaves her sunny disposition.

To Helen Cahalin—Czecher leaves her naivety.

To Frances Hritz—Rusty leaves her temperamental moods.

To Elizabeth Macy—Saint leaves the eternal question.

To Helen Chubb—Chippy leaves her unassuming manner.

To Dorothy Brainard—Lois Van Steenburgh leaves her popularity.

To Florence Richardson—Solly leaves her neat appearance.

To Jeanne Lewis—Jan Stahl leaves her ability to get along well with patients.

Collectively—to the remainder of the student body we leave our old uniforms to be used as dust cloths.

We declare that no undue duress has been used in preparing this—our last will and testament. Today being the 8th day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

CLASS OF 1939.

Winesses:

SUSAN VASSAR,
JUDY VASSAR,
BABY PEGGY VASSAR

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley

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ICE CREAM



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FOR HEALTH and BEAUTY
DRINK MILK

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Interne to Superintendent: "Sir, have I filled out this death certificate correctly? Where it says 'Cause of Death' I signed my name."

—*The American Interne.*

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"Please look pleasant and in a few minutes you may resume your natural expression."

Compliments of

A FRIEND

BEST WISHES

KELTY the BAKER

44 NORTH CLOVER ST.

There are some who live without any design at all, and only pass
in the world like straws on a river; they do not go; they are carried.
—Seneca.

Compliments of

JOSEPH L. PARMELE

The Up-To-Date, Inc.

FEMININE WEARABLES

I. MILLER SHOES

STETSON HATS

Little Jimmy was lost and appealed to the first man he saw.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "have you seen a woman wearing a fur coat, without a boy that looks like me?"—*Recorder*.

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POUGHKEEPSIE SAVINGS BANK
POUGHKEEPSIE TRUST CO.**

Doctor (to new nurse)—"Have you kept a complete chart of the patient's progress?"

Nurse (blushing)—"Well, I haven't put everything on the chart, but I can show you my diary."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A. A. SCHOONMAKER

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Seventy-three South Hamilton St.

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Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear; the stalk brought you."

—*Wisconsin Retail Grocer.*

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IT MIGHT HAVE WRECKED 'EM

Judge: "Just where did the defendant's car hit you?"

One of the Plaintiff's: "Well, if we had been wearing license plates, they would have been badly damaged."

THE DELLS INN

DINING AND DANCING

Orchestra Every Evening

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Headquarters
For Anything in . . .

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VON DER LINDEN'S

A chap after placing some flowers on a grave in the cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave and asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

Replied the old Chinaman: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

Phone 5547

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Customer—"Have you a book called 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Salesgirl—"The fiction department is on the next aisle."

—*New York Post.*

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and larger store

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Watch Repairing

Friend—"What your new son like?"

Proud Father—"Well, he has my eyes and his mother's nose, but
I think he got his voice from our auto horn."

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YOU, as you stand and give your pledge of service, are embarking
on a life of self sacrifice . . . a life devoted to bringing aid and comfort
to the sick.

We, for more than 70 years, have been giving all of our waking
hours to the service of all the folks in five counties. Nearly three
quarters of a century of service have given us a background and a
reputation of service and fair dealing that is a rich reward.

Both of us now go forward giving our lives to make this world a
better place in which to live, devoting our energies to bring happiness
into hundreds of homes.

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